The Story of a Nameless Hero's Sacrifice and of a Love That Would Not Be Sacrificed

By Frank L. Packard GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN (A Complete Novel Each Week in)

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CHAPTER I.

The Darkest Hour of Night.

TTER stillness. Utter blackness. And then a faint, indeterminate, far-away sound. The sleeper's eyes opened, and, as calmly, as naturally as he had lain asleep, he lay now alert. Varge was awake. And now it came sgain. Then a long pause—then again—and again. It came from the cast end of the house, at the rear—from

the back stairs. Some one was mounting them with extreme caution.

The minutes passed, perhaps three of them. The footsteps now had reached the landing and had begun to come along the hall—nearer and nearer, with the same ominous stealth, to the door of the room in which

Varge lay.
Still relaxed, still in repose, not a muscle of Varge's body had flexed by much as a ripple as he listened; the beat of his pulse was the same calm, strong, even bent as in sleep. And yet every faculty was atune, stimulated to its highest efficiency. What brought Harold Merton, the son of the house, at 2 o'clock in the morning to the little chamber over the kitchen, that was apart, shut off, from the rest of the dwelling; and brought him stealing there, where none could hear or mark his movements, like some guilty, evil prowler with cautious, frightened tread?

prowler with cautious, frightened tread?

A hand fumbled for the doorknob outside with a curious sound, as agine something that is worse than though the knuckles were beating a tremulous, involuntary tattoo upon the door as they came into contact could my leaving here save you from with it. The knob turned, the door with it. The knob turned, the door was pushed slowly inwards, slowly closed again, there was a faint click from the relensed catch—and against the door, without form or outline the darknoss, was an added directed somewhere else. Don't you the darknoss, was an added directed somewhere else. Don't you the darknoss, was an added directed somewhere else. Don't you the darknoss, was an added directed somewhere else.

beard your hand shake like a frightaned man's against the door."

"Sometimes"—the other seemed to
shiver as he spoke—"you seem more
than human."

"Why have some the seemed to with the fender bar. I have killed my
father."



And content to the most was good, when the responsibility of the most of the content of the cont

now everything to your father, to it, and without saying anything to your mother, and through them to you. I will do anything for your mother had gone to bed—he said the badn't dared to tell her anything. He opened one of the little would. You promise, Varge? Give sauare cupboards in the wall at the side of the fireplace—you know the side of the fireplace—you know the rereishly. "I could not do anything for your sakes."

"Yarge repeated quietly. "I could not do anything else."

"Then get up," urged Morton feverethly. "Get up quickly and dress. I have brought money enough to take you anywhere—you can get away where they will never find you. Hurry, Varge, hurry! Why don't you hurry? You have promised, Varge."

Varge's mind was working quickly —mapping, planning out his course of action—weaving the finer threads of the filter mother had gone to bed—he said he hadn't dared to tell her anything else anyt

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THE THOUGHT CAMETO ME THAT HE MIGHT

The strict can write a found as the finite of the strict as in goals—"you seem more than the found of the strict as in goals—"you seem more than the found of the strict as in goals—"you seem more than the found of the strict as in goals—"you seem more than the found of the strict as in goals—"you seem more than the strict as in goals—"you seem more than the found of the strict as in goals—"you seem more than the strict as in goals—"you seem more than the strict as in goals—"you seem more than the strict as the stri

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CHAPTER IV. Loose Threads.

ERLEY FALLS awoke that the street corners, in the seemed to caress the massive, splendid head exultantly and play softly
square, in their various places of busion the clean-cut, thoughtful face, as had glanced toward Randali and
ness, and talked in hushed, subdued he leaned a little forward, his chin nodded, signifying that they were at

Bear this in mind, not only for yourself but for any of your friends District-Attorney, came back to the grated in the lock he turned his head had merely shaken his head. erton house. There he was brought in calm inquiry.

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Were the control of the think of think of the think

ones.

Varge, with the Sheriff and the burled in thought, and then as a key

cupped in one hand. For perhaps five the disposal of the defense for cross-minutes he sat there without motion, but each time Randall

to the other that would shatter the structure he himself had so carefully many breaths, seemed to waver, tenes. full of suspense over the packed and

Loose Threads.

And so the four days had passed:

ERLEY FALLS awoke that and now, on the morning of the trial itself, Vargo rose soberly confident and prepared. The sun streaming one the witnesses had testified as Lee awe-stricken gloom. Men in through the grated bars caught a had called them, and now the State's gathered in little knots on glint of gold in the brown of his hair.

Seemed to caress the massive, spien-

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